Go Toward the Light

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Go Toward the Light

by ohdeercoffee

Summary

Past RadioStatic. Vox has been lusting over his friend Alastor for years. One night he breaks down and begs Alastor to fuck him. Alastor is curious and up for a little experimenting, but with several conditions that don't leave a lot of options left. Luckily pussy eating was still on the menu.

Unluckily Alastor isn't the best at it and keeps ignoring Vox's clit even though it literally glows.

Shameless PWP smut. Vox has a pussy and Alastor eats him out. That's it. That's the fic.

Vox wasn't entirely sure why Alastor agreed to do it. But as soon as the offer was out of Alastor's mouth, Vox wrenched Alastor's hand with literal lightening speed to shake on it. It was official. A handshake was binding. This was happening.

Vox had been covertly lusting over Alastor for years. Over that time he'd dropped many hints to his friend Alastor that he wanted to be more than friends. Subtle at first, then when they went unacknowledged, more obvious. Vox didn't know if Alastor was truly that obtuse or was pretending not to understand to taunt him, but he eventually got frustrated enough to just blurt it out: "What do I have to get you to *fuck me,* Alastor?"

Alastor didn't seem surprised when Vox said it. He looked amused. Maybe flattered. "Are you offering something in return?" he'd replied with a cheeky grin from his spot on Vox's couch.

Which only made Vox more flustered, his screen already a reddish tint from embarrassment. "The fuck? I'm confessing how attracted I am to you! I wasn't offering a deal!"

"It sure sounded like one to me." Alastor's sly smile didn't waver as he leaned comfortably on the couch armrest. "But you know, there are many kinds of deals …"

Vox arched an eyebrow as he waited to see if Alastor was really going to ask him to sell his soul for some dick. But to his surprise, Alastor actually lowered the stakes instead of raising them.

"There is also the kind where I establish what I am willing to do," continued Alastor. "And what I'm not. I lay my cards on the table. And you take it or leave it. You agree to my terms. You will not ask me to do anything I don't want or the whole thing is over."

Vox wondered if Alastor was trying to find the 1930's way of saying 'safe word' but once again was underwhelmed. Instead Alastor began rattling off a list of things he wouldn't do. Vox grimaced with the first one: no kissing. And it was all downhill from there. No this, that, or that other thing Vox liked, damn, ok. When Alastor said he would not be removing any clothing, Vox optimistically thought that meant Alastor would just be pushing down the top of his pants to do the deed. Then Alastor revealed that he would not be revealing anything at all.

"*That* part of my anatomy will not make a debut tonight," said Alastor sternly.

"Seriously?" Vox huffed. Vox thought he was getting very strings attached dick that night, but dick nonetheless. Alastor had dangled it in his face metaphorically then yanked it away because he obviously wasn't giving any literally. "I thought you were agreeing to fuck me."

Alastor nonchalantly adjusted his monocle. "I didn't say that exactly. I told you what I wasn't willing to do. Would you like to know what I *am* willing to do with you?"

Vox sat up straight on his spot on the other side of the couch. "Holy shit, yes."

Alastor let a moment of silence sit between them. He seemed entertained by Vox's eagerness. His smile stretched just a little wider as the awkward seconds dragged on. As he watched Vox, eyes wide on his screen in anticipation and years of sexual frustration, staring back at him.

"Well," Alastor finally said. "Go ahead and ask them. I'm waiting."

It took Vox a second. For his processors to process that Alastor was asking Vox what sexual favors he wanted. To be laid out for approval or rejection. Alastor had turned this into a negotiation. It was Vox's turn to list off things. Years of explicit fantasies surged in his brain and made him briefly glitch.

But he had to rein it in. Didn't want to scare Alastor off from doing anything at all. Couldn't get too kinky. He had to take a deep breath and think about this. So Alastor wasn't up for sticking his prick in Vox. Or a few other similar things, mostly involving Alastor himself. Alastor didn't want Vox touching him unless he explicitly asked Vox to, and Vox had a feeling he wasn't going to ask.

But there were still plenty of other things they could do together.

"Holy fuck please eat me out Alastor," Vox said too eagerly and quickly once it popped into his mind.

Alastor looked at Vox curiously. It seemed to be his turn to need a moment to process. "Either this is a new fetish I haven't heard of or you must not mean that literally."

"That probably is a fetish but I mean— like— well like this." Vox made a V with his middle and index finger then stuck his tongue between them.

Alastor watched Vox's tongue flick up and down between his fingers. "Hmm," he pondered.

Vox pulled his hand away. "Oh, come on! Don't play dumb with me! I don't know what they called eating pussy during the Great Depression but there's no way they weren't doing it. Don't act like you don't know what it is."

"They didn't eat much of anything during that time," said Alastor, inspecting his claws. "That was the problem back then."

Vox wasn't a history major but he knew oral sex had been around far longer than Alastor had. "You're fucking with me."

Alastor glanced back up with a smirk. "It isn't a problem now though."

Vox noticed the points on Alastor's claws on the hand he'd been inspecting were suddenly slightly less sharp. Then it clicked. Then Vox teleported the less than four feet between them on the couch to snatch Alastor's hand into his.

Vox forced it up and down for a very vigorous, enthusiastic handshake. "It's a deal!"

Alastor squeezed Vox's hand in acknowledgment. "I'll agree to do this one time," he said. "I don't mind a little experimenting for curiosity's sake. I'll try anything once."

Vox figured he could negotiate another deal later. This one was happening now and demanded his full attention. Vox didn't let go of Alastor's hand. Instead he laced his fingers into Alastor's as he dragged him down the hallway to his bedroom.

He didn't let go until he needed them to grab the laundry sprawled out on his unmade bed. He tossed it to a nearby chair. "Uh, pardon the mess." He wasn't sure how long it'd been since he'd washed his sheets— no one but him had been in his bedroom for a long time and he hadn't bothered— but hopefully Alastor didn't mind if they weren't the cleanest. They weren't the most hygienic people back in the 1920's and 30's so Alastor was probably used to it.

Alastor removed his coat but that's all he took off. Vox plopped on the end of the bed and pulled off his boots one by one.

It was an awkward silence. Vox wanted to say something but he didn't know what. He was also scared Alastor would change his mind at any moment, even if he shook on it. Alastor would find some loophole to get out of it. He still wasn't sure why Alastor even agreed but dared not question it. It made sense that Alastor might want to experiment from time to time. It made sense he might want to do it with a trusted friend. And it also made sense that he'd feel more comfortable just using his mouth. After all, being a cannibal, Alastor put all kinds of disgusting flesh in his mouth. Less disgusting flesh shouldn't bother him too much, right?

Vox did mourn a little that he wasn't getting any Alastor dick. But he still got a great bargain, he told himself. Sure, he enjoyed the feeling of a nice hard cock inside him, but he couldn't get off from penetration alone. He needed some sort of clitoral stimulation to reach orgasm. He'd get that with oral. It would feel so good.

These were the thoughts running through Vox's head as he undid his pants button and pulled the zipper down. He had to tell himself to stop overthinking it and just enjoy the moment. But his hands were shaking as he pushed the top of his pants down. Partly nervous, partly excited. He just couldn't believe this was finally going to happen. He'd wanted something like this for years.

He sat up for a second to let his pants slide over his hips then pushed them down his legs, hands still trembling a little. Alastor was at the end of the bed then, right in front of him, watching curiously.

Vox didn't know if he should take off his underwear or let Alastor do it. He was assuming there'd be more foreplay, but as he ran over the list of Alastor's don't's he wondered what was even left. No kissing, no touching Alastor without permission, Alastor wasn't even going to give him a show by taking off any more than his coat. Not even one extra inch of skin to see. Of course if Alastor gave Vox an inch he'd want a mile. Or at least all the inches, inside him. Maybe one day he'd get to see Alastor nude. Until then he'd just have to use his imagination.

Vox worried that handshake would be all the foreplay Alastor would allow. He was very attracted to Alastor but he wanted *something* to get him warmed up.

When he saw Alastor get on to his knees, one by one, Vox's heart rate shot up. Vox was at the end of the bed in his underwear and sock garters, Alastor was on his knees in front of him, and the view made Vox's heart pound harder as blood started to pool to his lower half.

Finally Alastor broke the silence, not seemingly bothered by its awkwardness as much as Vox. "I have many skills but this one isn't my forte," he said, looking smug despite what he said. "So forgive me if I'm not very good at this."

Vox spread his legs and looked between them at Alastor. This was really happening. He felt a tingling sensation between his legs as sensitive parts started to warm up in anticipation. "Have you ever done this before?"

"No," Alastor admitted. "Not *this* exactly."

Vox was all right with that. One, because it was still Alastor doing it. Alastor, the object of his years long infatuation and sexual fantasies. And two, because then he could teach Alastor how he liked it. Alastor was probably a fast learner. Vox could show him and shape him his exact preferences and make Alastor a professional pussy eater for years to cum.

Alastor must have known a little because he started to rub the inside of one of Vox's thighs. Vox flinched, startling on reflex, when he felt skin in skin. Then was a little embarrassed and drew a breath to relax.

"I've always wondered what it tastes like," said Alastor. His fingertips rubbed up and down Vox's tense thigh muscles. It was oddly gentle for a notorious demon overlord. But it did seem kind of detached. Like Alastor was just going through the motions. Or trying to soothe a spooked animal. Vox wondered if he'd hear Alastor say "there, there," in that patronizing tone he so often used.

That was not sexy. And then Vox suddenly remembered that dirty talk was not one of the no's on Alastor's list. "You're about to find out," he said, a sly smirk appearing on his screen. Horniness was good for a boost of confidence. "Hope you can't get my taste out of your mouth when we're done."

Seemingly unflappable Alastor's eyebrows raised just slightly.

"Hope you love it," Vox continued, emboldened by how that was turning him on. "Hope you get addicted. And wanna sample it every day."

Vox reached between his legs to palm himself over his underwear. Alastor stopped moving his hand on Vox's thigh but didn't pull it away.

"You're awfully cocky for someone who probably tastes like cheap plastic or whatever artificial upgrade you've gone and given yourself this year," said Alastor.

Alastor kind of said cock thought Vox as he grinded the flat of his hand, feeling himself getting warmer under the fabric. *That might be as good as it gets.*

“Pssh,” Vox scoffed, staring Alastor down between his legs as he fondled himself. “Just because I upgrade my head and a few other features every now and then doesn’t mean my body still isn’t flesh and bone.”

Vox’s flesh was very real and very alive and very much flushing with blood to the parts of him getting very excited.

“And by the way,” said Vox smugly. “Even my screen is more biologic than you think it is.” Vox let that long tongue of his slide out his mouth, outstretched so Alastor could see just how lengthy it really was. He wriggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Alastor watched the blue saliva ooze off the appendage. “Interesting. Is your tongue actually blue or is it just coated in blue saliva?”

Vox pulled the thing back into his mouth. “It’s both. And the offer to return this favor is always on the table, just so you know.”

The thought of being allowed to suck on Alastor’s cock was such a turn on for Vox. He imagined himself dropping to his knees and opening wide and Alastor pushing every inch into that mouth void of his in his screen that even he didn’t understand. But he did know he didn’t have a gag reflex because of it. So he could take the whole thing and not choke. Alastor could pound his huge cock into that screen as hard as he wanted and Vox could take it and love every second of it. Vox didn’t actually know how big Alastor’s dick was but this was his fantasy so he had a huge one, ok?

Oh, that fantasy got the juices flowing. Vox could feel a little seep through the fabric of his underwear when he imagined Alastor’s balls slapping against his screen.

“I’ll pass but thank you for the offer,” Alastor politely declined.

Vox snapped back to reality. “Alastor, please,” he begged, rubbing his fingers up and down on the wet spot forming on his underwear. “Can we get started already?”

“You’re ready now?”

Vox had been ready for years. “Holy shit, yes.”

Holy shit holy shit holy shit Vox thought as he saw Alastor’s hand move to pull down his underwear. He lifted himself so they could slide over his hips, then down his legs, then they joined his pants on the floor. *This is actually happening holy shit*

“Oh,” Alastor said with mild surprise, gaze between Vox’s spread legs. “So it’s not just your spit that’s blue.”

“Heh.” The wetness clinging to Vox’s swollen folds was same the blue opacity as the saliva that had dripped from his tongue. “Yeah but trust me that’s the only unusual thing about it. It’s not ‘artificial’— I promise you.”

Oh, the arousal dripping out of Vox after all these years of wanting to be touched by Alastor was very real.

“I see,” Alastor humored. And that wasn’t the only thing he saw. There was a bright blue bioluminescence sitting at the top of Vox’s slit. A swollen, incandescent nub.

“And this? It does that when I’m turned on,” said Vox. “I don’t really know why my clit glows but I guess it’s kind of cool looking.”

“It’s an interesting sight,” said Alastor before reaching two fingers, one on each side, to spread open Vox’s puffy folds for an even better look.

“Oh shit,” Vox startled, flinching when he felt himself part but making sure to keep his ass firmly planted on the bed.

Without any more warning, Alastor lowered his head and began to lap at Vox’s slit.

“OH FUCK,” Vox jolted. “Y-you just went straight in … just muff diving right into it …”

Alastor lacked that finesse and tease that usually goes along with these sort of things. The building up of sexual tension and arousal of typical foreplay. To be fair, he did apologize to Vox in advance if it wasn’t good.

Not that it was bad. Not at all. Vox would have preferred Alastor get him a little more hot and heavy before literally jumping in head first, but Alastor’s tongue was still on his pussy— he was happy.

Vox leaned back on his elbows and watched the slight bob of Alastor’s head as he continued lapping. He let himself relax and enjoy the sensation. Alastor’s tongue was warm and worked at a moderate pace, sliding between Vox’s folds each flick. More translucent blue slick dribbled from his entrance but Alastor licked it up each lap.

A goofy, pleasured smile spread across Vox’s face. It felt nice.

“Mmm.” But Vox wanted more. “Do it faster,” he told Alastor.

Alastor didn’t reply. Vox heard only the wet licking sounds of his juices in response.

“Please,” he said, sounding more urgent that time. “And go higher.”

Alastor stopped but remained frozen in his place between Vox’s thighs. “Shhh,” he said, then resumed what he was doing.

Vox sat up. “Did you just shush me?!”

“I’m trying to concentrate. This doesn’t come naturally to me.” Alastor spoke so closely to Vox that Vox could feel his hot breath on his cunt. Then the moist noises started again as Alastor’s tongue returned.

“Alastor, please,” Vox begged. “Lick my clit too.”

Each lap of Alastor's tongue up his cunt stopped just short of that sensitive spot. Just along the slit but never going quite high enough to touch.

Vox squirmed under Alastor. He tried to angle his hips to line it up better. Adjusting so that the tip of Alastor's tongue would touch it. But Alastor firmly grabbed a thigh with his free hand and held Vox still. His other hand was still pressed to Vox's cunt, holding his lips open with two fingers.

Vox growled under his breath. Alastor wasn't listening. He was not being a good student for pussy eating class. "At least lick around it, tease it, something," he pleaded, growing frustrated. "Maybe they didn't talk about this in the ass backwards 1930's but that is the spot that feels the best! Like by *far*."

Vox felt Alastor's tongue stop again. "We can just call this whole thing off if you're not happy with it," he said, voice sounding a little muffled with his lips still pressed to Vox's flesh.

"NO!" Vox said immediately, panic hitting him as he imagined Alastor walking out that door leaving him with a dripping, unsatisfied, sad cunt. Alastor had shook on this but deals are murky. Alastor technically did perform oral sex on Vox, though it wasn't for long. Vox was so quick to that handshake he didn't get to specify details. They never said it was to completion. Alastor probably could call this off if he wanted. He could say he did enough already to satisfy the deal even if it didn't satisfy Vox. "I'm sorry, please keep going," Vox begged.

Alastor's tongue was back on him again. Lapping at Vox's pussy with the exact same moderate pace— not slow and teasing, but not quite fast enough to get Vox off— as before. And still stopped just short of touching his clit.

Vox tried again to enjoy himself. It still felt good. It could be better. But it still felt good. His breathing had picked up. Harsh breaths mixed in with the wet lapping sounds. Vox let himself get more worked up the more Alastor worked on him. Electricity buzzed between his antennae. He let out soft little moans— "mmm …"— every now and then. He rolled his hips without thinking about it and felt Alastor's claws dig into his thigh to still him again.

He was so dripping wet then that Alastor's tongue wasn't enough. Those bioluminescent juices trickled down Alastor's chin and smeared against the sides of his mouth. Alastor should have tied his hair back.The front of his ugly bob fell down into the mess and was dampened with Vox's slick.

Alastor mostly concentrated on that same area between Vox's folds. But every now and then his tongue would stop to tease at Vox's entrance. Dipping the tip in just a little, making Vox make all kinds of pleasured moans and hisses, as his hole fluttered around him from the sensation. Then Alastor would return to his regularly scheduled lapping.

One time, and just one time, Alastor grazed Vox's clit with his tongue, earning a gasp from Vox. Vox pleaded silently in his head, *oh fuck that felt so good, do it again, keep doing it, suck on it, close your lips around it and give me some suction, oh god*

He wanted so badly to tell Alastor again to touch it but didn't want to risk Alastor following through on his threat to quit. Leaving his clit untouched this long was driving him mad. It was *throbbing*. Literally pulsing with blood flow for some kind of stimulation. Even glowing brighter as it ached to be touched. But still Alastor ignored it.

There's no way Alastor didn't see it. It was so bright then there's no way it could be missed. The blue light even lit up Alastor's features in the dim room. Well, at least the ones that weren't pressed flushed against Vox's pussy.

Vox squirmed on the bed, grimacing in both pleasure and sexual frustration. He thought about yanking Alastor by the antlers and smothering him in his cunt. Holding him there until he finished the job properly. Grinding his clit against his face while Alastor sucked and licked and slurped until Vox could cum.

Vox wondered how long they could go on like this. He was getting desperate. Alastor would eventually get tired or bored or both. Vox knew he couldn't climax this way. How long did he let Alastor go?

Maybe he didn't have to ask Alastor. He could finish himself off. He was already so turned on and actually quite close. Close but couldn't cum without touching his clit. It was pulsing like a beacon then. Beckoning to be touched. Vox knew once he could actually touch it, it wouldn't take much to push him over the edge. If he reached down and rubbed a few hard circles on it with his fingers this would all be over in seconds. He'd finally have his release. And it'd feel so good.

"Alastor," Vox whined, trying to steady his voice. "I wanna cum."

Alastor didn't reply. He kept lapping.

"God I *need* to cum," said Vox.

Vox heard a gulping sound from Alastor as he swallowed down some of Vox's juices, not breaking his pace. But Alastor didn't say anything.

"You can keep doing what you're doing." Vox lowered his hand between his legs. "Don't mind me."

He'd make sure to stay out of Alastor's way. He just needed one finger. Just grind a couple swirls on his throbbing glowing clit with the tip of his finger. And he'd finally be able to finish.

"In fact, keep doing exactly what you're doing," said Vox. "I'm probably gonna squirm and shake when I cum but just keep going. *Don't* stop." The simultaneous sensation of Alastor's tongue still working on him while he rubbed one out sounded divine. "I-I might moan and glitch too … but don't stop …" Nothing worse than a ruined orgasm from stopping the sensation halfway through it. At least he could teach Alastor one lesson today. "I might squeeze your head between my thighs but don't stop …" he desperately begged. "Please …"

Just before his finger could even graze that bright aching nub, he felt a new sensation. Vox gasped when it startled him. Alastor slipping a finger inside his entrance. Up to the knuckle. "*Oh fuck* …." Vox sobbed. He was so wet and aroused it slid in easily. No resistance. He wanted to buck his hips up and get more but Alastor held him firmly in place. *Oh how his clit throbbed* when Alastor moved that finger. It rapid fire pulsed like a strobe light, the blue hue flashing on Alastor's face and Vox's belly and thighs. Like a lighthouse sending emergency signals, crying out desperately to be seen, here I am here I am …

Alastor didn't thrust the finger though. He didn't move it in and out. Instead he grinded up hard while still inside. Against that soft, spongey sensitive area. Pressing so firmly it should have hurt but instead it felt *amazing*.

"Fuck fuck fuck …" Vox whimpered, eyes rolling back because he hadn't expected that to feel so pleasurable. He felt so close then. He was almost there. It felt like Alastor was rubbing his clit from underneath. The same kind of tingly sensation. Rubbing it from the inside out. "Keep doing exactly *that*," Vox pleaded. Demanded, really. "Don't stop when I cum." He was trembling then.

Vox could feel his orgasm start to build. He didn't know if he could actually reach orgasm this way—he never had from penetration before— but it was starting to feel like it was approaching. "D-don't change what you're doing." Vox's hand wasn't near his clit anymore. Both hands were fisting the bedsheets. "Don't slow down." The walls of his cunt were reflexively clamping down around Alastor's finger, still rubbing hard at that spot inside him. "And don't speed up." He could feel the pleasure mounting inside him, almost here. "Please, Alastor," he sobbed. "Just like that."

Alastor hadn't said a word in so long. His mouth had been busy, after all. But finally he spoke, lips still buried in Vox's folds. He just said, "Ok."

And Vox finally came, *hard*. "Oh shit—" The pleasure washed over him, feeling like it burst from his core. It was a longer build up and longer climax that he'd ever felt before— making him moan and tremble and glitch through it just like he said he would. And Alastor didn't change a thing, just like Vox said. He lapped that slit at the same intensity and rubbed that spot inside him with the same strokes until Vox finally finished. Until the last aftershocks coursed through him and had to actually shove away Alastor's head and scoot away on the bed because Alastor was still going even when Vox was too sensitive to continue.

Vox collapsed back on the bed, chest heaving and little sparks flying. He needed a minute.

Alastor stood up. He still had that smug look on his face, even with blue slick smeared on it.

Vox opened his eyes again, still a bit woozy. Then he burst into laughter when he saw it. "Haha— oh my God, you should see your face."

"An acquired taste, I think," said Alastor as he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Aw, come on, it couldn't have been that bad." Vox sat up, watching Alastor wipe his mouth. "Any chance you would wanna keep trying until you acquire it?" He said that in a hopeful tone but his face fell into a frown when he saw Alastor move to get his coat.

“I only did this because I had never done it before and was curious,” Alastor said as he put his arms one by one through his coat sleeves. “I’ll try anything once.”

“Oh.” Vox’s gaze fell to the floor, dejected.

Alastor opened the door. Then glanced back at Vox with a smirk. “But there are plenty of other things I haven’t tried.” Then he closed the door behind him.

Vox’s grin returned to his screen. He had *years* of sexual fantasies of him and Alastor doing all *kinds* of nasty things logged in his memory. There would be no shortage of things to try.

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